

THE MVSES

Thankfulnesse,
OR



A Funerall Elegie,
Consecrated to the perpe-
tuall memory of the late All
Honourable, and All-Noble
Lord, Robert, Baron Spencer, of
Wormleighton, &c.



A. Russell, Esq.
Inspector of the
Museum of the
Royal Academy
of Arts, and
of the
Royal Academy
of Music, &c.

To the Right Honourable Wil-
liam Lord Spencer Baron of
Wormlaighton.

W ith due respects and iust obseruance
I offer vp my faire remembrances,
L iuely continuing by this true record
L ong lasting memory, to my honour'd Lord;
I doubt me nothing but I am come short
(A gainst my will 'tis though) in my report :
M y genius is too meane, too poore, too lowe,
L et me craue pardon yet for fayling soe,
S ince I haue done my best, accept then this,
P asse by my errors, that you find a misse ;
E ach man a line knew his exceeding worth,
N or need it to haue beene by me set forth,
C an though a thankefull heart forget to bring
E arnest acknowledgements for euery thing
R ight plentifully receiued ? the Muses were
epected by him, and they thanke him here.

Dieu defende le droict



Des Tres-illustres et Nobles
gentilshommes Guillaume
Baron SPENCER &c.
Richard Spencer &c.
Edward Spencer Cheval

To the three illustrious Sons
living, of the late *All-honourable*
on earth, but now *All-glorious* in
Heauen, *Robert, Baron Spencer.*

*William Lord
Spencer Baron
of Wormleighion,*

*Richard
Spencer.*

*Sir Edward
Spencer K.*

LOe here (renowned Gentlemen) bring
The due acknowledgements, the Muses sing
In linely, and perpetuall memory
Of him, who, though the Fates ordain'd to dye,
Hath left vntainted Honour, free from stain
To his posterity; then greates your gaine,
Faire your enioyments, and your haps are good,
That haue your veynes fill'd with so Noble blood;
So are his vertues in your hearts combin'd,
The rich endowments of his blessed mind;
Be also like him, in this very thing,
Be courteous, to accept this offering.





The Muses Thankfulnesse



Anst thou depart and be forgotten so,
As if thou hadst not beene at all? O no,
But in dispire of death the world shall see,

The Muses which much Honour'd were by thee,
Can blacke oblivion, vtterly out braue,
And set thee vp aboue thy scilent graue,
For Time, nor Age, nor yet can Death, or Fate
Confine thy Fame to an expiring date;
Since all they can do, is to kill thy Eearth:
Whose Dust wip'd of thy Soule, a second Birth,

A 2

Re-





The Muses

Regenerates the honour of thy Acts
Vnto Eternitie. He that detracts
The dead Mans good, defames his owne intent ;
And makes obscured vertuss, eminent.
But (Noble Lord) this Monument they raise,
With vncorrupted purpose to thy praise.
All that they speake, is vnexacted, true and free;
Drawne clearely from vnalter'd certaintie.
Sith that the hand of death hath laid thee there
Where men are all of them a like, and where
All men in time must lye, eu'n in the earth,
Where are no sruerall roomes for State or Birth,
Death hauing left thee nothing, but a Name
In mens remembrances, meerly the same.

Of





Thankfulnesse.

Of what thy vertue and thy worth hath done
Renowned Spencer each thing else being gone,
Now must the Muses thou wert wont to grace,
Not leaue thee in thy graue that darke some place,
That few regard or haue respect vnto;
At least (if that at all) they faintly do.
Where all attendance and obseruance ends,
Where what was ill no countenance defends;
And what was good th'vnthankfull world forgets,
Where all the Sunshine of our fauour sets:
Here shalt thou haue the seruice of their pen,
They cannot be supposed to flatter, when
They speake behind thy backe, not to thy face
There's no difimulation in this case.

A 3

The






The Muses

What benefit thou yeld'st, them to sustaine,
That haue they lost by this thy death againe;
Yet (notwithstanding) thy great courtresie,
Cannot enforce obseruance beyond thee,
Who haue their hopes, or whose desires are hye,
Let those dissemble, they know how to lye
And fawne like vassals, with such seruices,
Muses seeke not the merittlesse to please.
And if mistaken by the paralax
And distance of my standing, men did tax
Me heretofore, that ayming too farre off,
I was too free of praises without prooffe,
But here it is not so; and yet the choyce
Of those that I did make, had the free voyce

Of





Thankesfullnesse.

Of present times, their vertues to allow,
For all of them did make a curtant show ;
And if they faild in substance, yet it is
No blemish to my faire obseruances ;
Nor can it as a fault to me be layd,
True praises do adorne, the false obrayd ;
And oftentimes to greatnesse we are glad
To attribute those patts we wish they had,
But noble Spencer, I stand cleare with thee,
I haue a manumission to be free
Vnder correction, here I may make bold,
To speake the certaine truth. Thou canst not hold
Menstongues, who hearing thou deceased art,
Of thy past life, their censure will impart.

A +

And





The Muses

Here fairely will I thee anatomise,
Shew how thy minde was built, and in what wise;
And freely open what thou wert within,
What the contexture of thy heart hath beene,
Which was so nobly fram'd, so well compos'd,
That vertue neuer was so well repos'd
Then, in that goodly frame, that most faire seat,
When all things quiet, and wher all things sweet,
Had a most peacefull and a blessed rest,
Without disturbance; nor was euer brest,
So free from passion that might tumults raise,
Though in thy praise wert mute, and ^maddest no noyse;
Yet by thy silent modesty is found,
The emptiest vessels make the greatest sound.

And





Thankefulnesse.

And as dogges barke at those they doe not know ;
So the base people, whose condition's low,
Will slander thee, and mutter vnder-hand,
And censure things they doe not vnderstand:
The worthier sort, who know we doe not liue
With perfect men; to the decessed giue
Iust commendations, and are not vnkinde,
Knowing themselves must likewise leaue behinde
Those that will censure them, and they know how
To excuse, not vrge, a passed error now ;
They haue more modesty then to insult
When as thou hast no party to consult,
No tongue, no aduocate to shew thy minde,
They rather will lament the losse they finde,

Al





The Muses

By such a noble member of that worth ;
Knowing, how rare the world such men brings forth.
E're may his name, his fame, and vertues shine,
That we may imitate his worth Diuine,
Like vnto him win action to our will ;
Not to doe good, we know is to doe ill :
His faith was not a dead or idle thing,
But faith in heart, fruits from his hands did bring ;
But from his faith, of all good deeds the cause,
And from his due obseruing of the Lawes
Diuine, in which he did beyond compare excell ;
Let vs proceede, his other gifts to tell :
Beames that shall breake forth from his hollow Tombe,
Shall staine times past, and light the Times to come.

Ye





Thankefulnesse.

YE Thrice three Sisters, which do rest vpon
Pernassus hill, and drinke of H E L I C O N;
Which round about that sacred Spring do sit,
Well weigh your losse, and sadly mourne for it;
Double your Lachrimas, augment your moane,
For greater cause of griefe was neuer knowne;
Since that your worthy and best Patron's dead,
Teares too profusely you can neuer shed;
Looke not in Citie, Court or any place
To haue your old respect and former grace:
Now gentle bloud, in Fancies schoole vp'train'd,
Learning to be ignoble haue maintain'd.
And now the Nobles which encouraged those,
Which were bright wisdom's friends, darke errors foes;
Are






The Muses

Are so farre from affording former grace,
They hold the Poets and Muses; but as base
Beggars, or else farre worse, the sorrow shew
When as you loose your friends you haue so few.
Thy Loue (braue *Spencer*) hath his iust reward;
Thy noble friends bare thee a kinde regard
After thy death, nor doe forsake thee, now
Thy honour's coffer'd in the graue, but show
That worthinesse, which merits to remaine
Liely examples, doubtlesse they shall gaine.
A like regard vnto their memory,
For this their absolute integritie:
Cause the praise-worthy Actions, These haue wrought,
(Till the world fabrique be to Chaos brought.)
To liue perpetuall in each ages Story,
As the due trophies of their deserued Glory.






Thankfulness.


For though sterne *Death* hath borne away this Prize
whose worth the poore *World* scarce can equalize,
yet doth He live, although deprinde of breath,
Saincted in *Heaven*, and renownde on *Earth*,
Most Sacred be thy memory, outlasting
All Genealogies : and Ever-lasting,
Whilst there be Elements, Starre, Orbe, or Spheare,
Dayes Sunne, or Nights Moone, to direct the Yearre :
Whilst there be seasons nam'd, Autumne or Spring ;
Ought being, or, what may be call'd a thing :
Nor is He dead, let that our Comfort be,
Death's like the Basiliske, if he first see,
the Obiect perisheth : but being espide,
Falls : He saw Death first, Kille Him ; so Death Dyde,

B

And



DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL



The Muses

And He still limes in glory, why should then
Teares, Sighes, or the least griefe afflict vs, when
All are most Confident, He is now possesse
Of what we yet but ayme at, Heauenly rest :
Or if you needs will his sad death Deplore,
Know, no Laments, can Him thats dead restore.

*Supprime iam Lacrymas non est reuocabilis istis
Quem semel umbrifera, Nausta vitæ tulit,
Nam Rigidum Ius est, & Ineuitabile Mortis.*

Yet what is he that can a Sonne perswade
From Teares, when he beholds his Father laid
In his cold Sepulcher : or a Mother drye
Her moistned Cheekes, and instantly apply
Her selfe to laughter ; when before her face
She breathlesse sees, the Hope of all her Race.

Eu





Thankfulnesse.

But though mankind Contend about their force,
Teares still will finde their vent, and Griefe his course,
Since life then so vncertaine is and fraile,
That like vnskilfull Marriners we saile
Through vnkknown Seas : and quick-Sands euery where
Shallowes and Rockes, and know not how to steare
A desperate Course, ere we in Peeces shake
Our Crazed Bottoms; This short Counsell take,
Twixt Hope, Care, Feare and Pafsion which thou hast,
Thinke euery Houre before thee is thy last.
So by this meanes for all thy after deeds,
Th'art bound vnto each Minute that succeeds,
All sublinary things, their beings woe,
To future Ruine : nothing said to grow

B 2

But





The Muses

But being once ripe to fall . when we begin

Once to be tainted with Originall sinne,

The very first Houre of our earthly strife,

Doth take an Houre off, from our future life.

Læta sit ista dies nescitur origio secundi

An labor, an requies, sic tranfit gloria Mundi.

And Wisdome faith, This Worlds felicitie,

Truely examin'd is but Vanitie.

How quickly doe all earthly ioyes decay,

Forfaking their possessors; In a day,

An houre, a minute, hard misfortunes fall,


Which from our mirth doe vnto mourning call?

O let our Muses teares without all end

From th' inexhausted fountaines still descend.

Sit





Thankefulnesse.

Sith 'tis most true, this age is vaine and strange,
Time comes by turnes with vnexpected change :
Behold Great men of fame and Rich renowne,
Death in their highest Honor, Puls them Downe.
Then what are we, but fooles of selfe-Conceit,
All what we haue, stands in a stagg'ring state.
We weeping come into this world of Cares,
Scarfe is our Prime, when wintring Age declares
What weightie grieffe, our body doth oppresse,
When all our life's but Battels of distresse,
Bred with sinne, borne with woe, our life is paine
Which still attends vs, to our Graue againe,
When Earthly slime, wherein consists thy pride ?
In that faire Bed of wormes where thou must bide ?
Oh !



The Muses

Oh ! know that Glory goes into the ground,
That thy faire face most filthy shall be found.
Our Sunne-shine ioyes, Time swiftly sweepes away
Thisnight we liue, and dye before the day.
But why should Stags or Rauens liue so long ?
Why should not rather, that their age belong
Vnto a righteous man, whose length'ned yeares
Might asist our necessities, and feares ?
For sauage Death hath ransaked that brest,
Where a large Treasury of wit did rest.
What's Gentry then ? what's Noblesse ? Greatnes what ?
The Ciuill Purple, or the Clergy Hatt ?
The Coronet, or Miter ; Nay the Crowne
Imperiall ? What is Potencie, Renowne ?

Quati-





Thankfulnesse.

Ouations, Triumph, or the Conquering Bayes,
Wisedome or Wealth? Can these add to thy Dayes
A Minute? No, a suddaine chance will fall,
Which from thy Mirth will thee to Mourning call.
Inquire of Roman *Brutus* surnam'd *Iust*,
Or *Salomon* the wise, they both are dust:
Learned *Aristotle*, *Plato* the Diuine,
From Earth they came, and Earth, they now are thine.
Where are the Worthies? where the Rich, or Faire?
Where now the Poore, or the Deformed are?
Differing in Life, in Death they are the same,
And though vnequall Tombes, haue equall Fame.
What attributes may we to *Homer* giue,
And other Poets; by whom all These line:




The Muses

Who as their putred flesh is long since rotten ;
So in their obscure Graues had lyen forgotten
Like common men : Had not their Muse high flying,
Kept both these Worthyes, & themselues from dying.
We see the Conquerors with the Captaines spread,
And lodge in earth, as in the common bed.
The All-commanding Generall hath no spanne
Of Earth allowde, more then the common man.
Folly with Wisedome hath an equall share,
The Faire and Foule, alike Intombed are.
This is of all mortalitie the end,
Thiristes with *Nereus* dares contend :
And with *Achilles*, he hath equall place,
That liuing durst not looke him in the face.

The





Thankfulness.

The Seruant with his Master, and the Maide
With her proud Mistresse, both their heads are layde
Vpon an equall Pillow. Subiects keepe
Like Courts with Kings : I, and as softly sleepe,
Resting their heades vpon a Turfe of Grasse,
As they on Marble, or on figured Brasse :
Blind *Homer* in the Graue lyes doubly darke,
Against him now base *Zoylus* dares not barke.
Be this then no small comfort vnto you,
The Gentry, and Nobilitie, that knew
This Great mans worth, his Wisedome, Valour, Pietie,
Zeale to the sacred Trine, the Vnite Deitie :
For though his body be confinde to dust.
His Soule still lines amongst the best. The lust

B 5

Before






The Muses

Before remembred, with the Valiant, Wife,
And such as stroue all goodnesse to Comprise.
He was possesse of much, and in full measure,
Did in his Bosome Thousand Vertues Treasure,
Which on this Earth he did but put to Loane,
Glories for Vertues, he hath ten to one,
Being like an Orenge tree, on which was scene
Still fruit though gather'd, yet some likewise greene,
Nor let such as Lament him, blame the Fates,
Be they the Commons, Gentry, or the States,
That want his Noble wisedome to asist
In Counsels, by which Common-weales exist,
And haue their flourishing being, blaming Time,
That snatch from them a Father, in his prime;

Rarely





Thankefulnesse.

Rarely compleate : For let all men knowe,
He onely payd a debt which he did owe
To God and Nature : Nor can frailtie, sinne
Transgresse those limits we are bounded In.
He's free from Care, with which this Earth is fraught,
And Pale-fac't Death hath Life vnto him brought,
This sure he knew full well, or else more feare
Would haue possesst him, when as Death did teare,
His Soule out of his Pious holy brest
But he did know it was the way to rest:
Ills that with Wisedomes eye we doe foresee,
We doe much feare when they approaching be.
The Man that surely knowes the Theefe will come
Doth fortifie the doores to euery roome.

And





The Muses

And thus with Weapons, and with Walls made strong,
Feares not the Thiefe, cause him he cannot wrong.
Thus it did fare with him, Hee was prepar'd
For comming Death, and therefore was not scar'd :
He was no whit afraid, for he did know,
Death could not wound, but cure him with his blow,
Hee did with faithfull Eyes his Name behold,
Which was in the blest Booke of Life inrold ;
And then his Contemplation higher flying,
He fear'd not Death, nor was afraid of Dying :
No more then is the Prisoner strongly guarded,
That hopes with freedome to be soone rewarded.
So was it with his Soule, when Death drew neere,
It rather filled was with Ioy, then Feare.

Not





Thankfulnesse.

Not one whit loath her Prison to forsake,

Her flight to Heauen, ynto her G O D did take.

This little Moment of our life is the short space whereon dependeth all Eternitie of *Eternall ioyes* or else *Eternall paines*. When we rise in the Morning what know we the chance that will befall vs before night. And if wee escape the Dayes perill, what will happen before the Morning. Therefore when we go to Bed, we should remember how that it is the very Image of our Graues; the *Triumph, State and Train* of a *Great man* is parted, the Day being gone, and the Night come all His rioting and banqueting is finished, and He in a Solarie Retreat, puts off his Gorgeous Apparell; and strips himselfe naked to his shirt: So the pleasure of this Inconstant World shall passe, The Mightiest and richest of this World shall be stripp'd naked of all his Glories, Vanities and Riches. Hee shall carrie nothing with him but a simple Winding-sheet, more then the poorest and abiect fellow.

Let vs therefore with the depth of our Hearts *Repent*, and thinke how the *Axe is laid to the root of the Tree*; When with an vnfained remorse, our Hearts shriels within vs, with angry grieve against our selues, then we may be assured that the Spirit





The Muses

Spirit of God workes in vs: it is a signe of true Repentance, when the Sinner (without Hypocrisie) mends his wicked life, making first satisfaction to his Crea or, by Fasting and Praying; Restitution to his Neighbor in giuing to the Poore for Christs cause. Visiting the Sicke, comforting and helping the afflicted Prisoner, giuing Hospitality & countenance to the Distressed Stranger. For, in the poorest wretch and most miserable Creature, the Highest and most Fortunate, doth see himselfe and his Humanitie, perfectly as in a true Glasse. Thus, our Mercy sh I giue vs security of our Soules health, our Charitie and Almes will meet vs, and make our End most happy.

For as the Stone doth to the Center hast;
Or as the Hare doth ioy when Hounds bepast;
Or as the Eagles to the Corps doe flye:
So did his Soule to God, when he did dye.
Death seem'd not gastly to his Ghostly Spright,
Cause while he liu'd, he did in Death delight.

The





Thankfulnessse.

The stroke and strength of Death he often try'd,
For in his Holy Life he daily dy'd.
Helikewise knew that Death was but a droane,
Because he saw the sting of it was gone.
His Faith's eyes saw One, hanging on a Tree,
By whose great power Death seemed dead to be.
He knew Christ so, Death by his death did mend.
He made it his last Foe, and his first Friend.
For as Physicians poysonous Vipers beat,
Till they their Venome voyd, then healthfull meat
Doe of the flesh compose : so thou oh Lord,
Dost to thy sacred Saints, this blisse afford,
That grisly Death should not cause sad annoy,
Vnto thy Members, but bring heau'nly Ioy.

For





The Muses

For when his Soule, had his Earths lumpe forsooke
It, by the swift wingd Posts of Heauen, is tooke.

Christs All-delightfull presence to behold,
Which euer liues, and yet is neuer old.

This made him like a patient Lambe to lye,
And breath forth nought but blis, when he did dye,
And when from sight of Earth, his Lights shut were,
The blessed Land did to's Soul's eyes appeare.

When Death closing his lips forbade to speake,
In silence He his minde to God did breake.

And when Death had extinguisht Natures fire,
His Soule was free, and had her blest dehre,

For as Saint *Chrysostome* saith, That the end of the
Labourer is sweet, when hee resteth from his La-
bours. So the wearied Traueller, longeth for his
Nights






Thankefulnesse.

Nighes lodging, and the Storme-beaten Ship seeketh vp for Shore. The Hircling oft questioneth when his yeare will finish and come out. The Woman great with child will often muse, and study vpon her deliuey: Euen so, doth he that perfectly knowes that his death is but a way to liue. And he that considers truly how that this Transitory life is but as a swift Post to Death: Like an Impetuous Riuer which hasteth to the Sea (for so do we, which are Earth, speedily returne to Earth) will sit on the doore Threshold, with the poore Prisoner, who greedily expecting when the Gaolor shall open the doore: euery small motions makes him hope, that death is approaching to deliuer him out of paine and misery, in taking him from this valley of Teares. He lookes for Death without feate, and desires it with affection, and expecting it with great Deuotion, He asteth the last part of his sore afflicting Life in this world. His gesture and end thirles the beholders eyes with sad compassion: His words of woe, seasoned with sighes, doth bath the Cheeks of the Hearers with still distilling Teares: with weeping eyes he calls for helpe of Prayer, and like a Hunger-starued Begger he howles and cries to that All-incomprehensible Housholder. Saying:

O My God (All-lust, yet All-Mercifull) Open the Gates of thine infinite Mercie to the greatnesse of my Mi-





The Muses

Miseries : Cast vp the Ports of thy vnspeakable Pit-
tie, to my wearied Spirit ; Receiue my Soule into thy
hands, and annoint her Festered wounds, with the
Bloud of thy Immaculate Lambe, *Christ Iesus*. Amen.

Mans life's a Goale, one Death th' end of that Race,
But thousand by-paths lead vnto the place ;
From th' East, the West, the South, the North, all come,
Some slowe, some swift pac'd to this Generall doome,
These by the Warres fall, these the Seas deuoure :
Certaine is Death, vncertaine most the houre.
Some dye of Ioy, others with Griefe expire,
Beneath cold Artos some, others by Fire,
The Torrid Zone casts, forcing them to indure
The mad Infection, call'd the Callenture.
Some the Spring challengeth, and some the Fall,
Winter and Summer others : but Death all.

Disca-






Thankfulnesse.

Diseases infinite haunt man alone,
Cold Aches, Feauers, the Apoplex, the Stone,
The Winde, the Gowt, the Crampe, the Dropisie : these,
Palfies and Aches on our Bodies ceaze,
But Surfets most, which as Physicians say,
Haue in the World, of Men beene more decay,
Then (if I may take a great Artists word)
Haue dyed by Plague, by Famine, or the Sword.
This Heauen permits, and how may then poore man
Contest against it ; none so weake but can
Take from his owne and others sundry wayes,
But yet not adde one Minute to their dayes.
He fell by no such Riots or Excesse,
But was Abstinious, one that did professe

A





The Muses

A moderate Diet, with such Temperature,
As almost might, Health with long life assure;
For in Sobriety he did excell,
And alway did demean himselfe right we'l.
A longer course of life he might haue runne,
And to this Land might more good turnes haue done,
He might haue bin the ornament of Court,
The subiect of farre honored report;
But though he be extinct, yet shall his name
Be still preserved by long-liued Fame.
Though that faire Vertues worthy louers dye,
Their memories suruiue eternally.
Although Times stealing revolutions passe,
And eating Age consumes the strongest Brasse:

Yet





Thankfulness.

Yet generous acts, and vertues of the minde

An honourable fresh remembrance finde.

He was the patterne of a perfect man,

His singular endowments cuer wan

A generall liking and a full app'ause,

For his vpriight sincerenesse in each cause :

By rule of Scripture he his deeds did square,

And to obserue the golden meane tooke care :

His Minde was like an Empire, rich and strong,

In all defensiue pow'r against the wrong,

That ciuill tumult or inuasiue Hath

Might raise against the peace of her estate.

It was a plentifull and fertile ground,

Wherein all needfull riches did abound.

Labour





The Muses

Labour increas'd what natiuely was bred :
No part was barren, or ill husbanded.
And with the paines of Industry and wit,
In little time, He made such Benefit
Of Conuersation (the Commerce of Mindes;)
That what his hable obseruation findes
In other knowledges of vse, and good,
Which in his owne was yet not vnderstood ;
Through this rich trade (whereby all good is knowne)
Conuerts them home, and plants them in his owne.
Which was so sweet and temperate a seat,
Without th'extremities of cold or heat ;
That it could easily it selfe apply
To eu'ry vsefull Nature, properly.

And





Thankefulnesse.

And so did yeeld such prosperous increase
Of vertues qualifi'd for warre and peace :
That not a Mind wherewith He did conferre,
Could vtter speech of that particular,
Though in the wayes which other men profess'd ;
Wherewith his vnderstanding was not blest'd.
And whatsoeuer He deliuer'd forth
In serious things, was of a Solid worth ;
Commodiously materiall ; Full of vse ;
And free from ostentation and abuse.
And as that Empire of his minde was good ;
So was her state as strong wherein she stood.
Her scituation most entirely lay
Within it selfe, admitting not a way,
Nor





The Muses

Nor any open place, infirme or weake,
By which offensive purposes might breake
Into her gouernment; or haue access
Through the most familiar passages
That led vpon him, vader faire pretence,
Without discovering they ment offence,
Before it was too late to giue retreat
To their proceedings. Nor could any heate
Or violence of such inuasion, make
His passions mutin', or his power's forsake
Their proper places. Nothing could disband
The strength and order of his mind's command,
For neuer mind her nature better knew;
Or could obserue a discipline more due






Thankfulnessse.

To such a Nature ; or was fortified
With workes were more ingeniously applied,
To answer all attempts and iniuries,
In their owne kinde and severall qualities.
And in that scope, (offences to auoide)
The vse of all those forces was employde.
He put not on those popular aspects,
Which Greatnesse oft obsequiously affects,
To winne the vulgar fancie. For he knew,
That humour would distract him from the true
And faithfull Course wherein he should attend
The publique seruice ; to a priuate end.
And with too easie and familiar sence
Make Fauour apprehended. And dispen-
C With





The Muses

With such neglect of dutie as proceeds
From that presumption which remifnesse breeds.
But gaue himfelfe vnto the publique caufe ;
And in the due performance of her Lawes,
His studies are to publike good defign'd ;
Nor giuen, nor forc'd, to any other end,
He was not of that foft and feruile mould,
That all impreffions takes, and none doth hold ;
But his owne Reason in himfelfe did raigne ;
What ſhe inspir'd, he firmly did retaine.
He could not flatter Greatneffe ; *Zanie* humours ;
Or be obsequious to afwage the Tumours
That in corrupted mindes did rife and ſwell
Againſt him : But did reſidently dwell

Vpon





Thankfulness.

Vpon the purpose of a true intent ;
In whose successes he was confident.
And could worke wayes to prosperous euent ;
Aswell in v unexpected accidents,
As things proiected and premeditate.
In Counsell, he was of so temperate
And free a Mind, that Reason in his Soule,
Like an Imperiall presence, did controule
And scilence all those passions that haue force
To interrupt the passage of discourse.
While to the cleare and vneclipsed eye,
Of his strong intellectuall faculty,
His well informed knowledge did present
The state and nature of the Argument :

C 2

The





The Muses

The parts, th'entire, and eu'ry circumstance
That was contingent, or had reference
Materiall to the thing consulted on.
Which when his free discourse had pass'd vpon;
His iudgement in conclusion did lay ope
The waies, the meanes, he reasons, and the scope,
What, how, whereby, and when, and where to doe;
And eu'ry due respect annex'd vntoo,
With such demonstratiue and pregnant force;
That, practise without speculatiue discourse;
Nor speculation without practise tried;
Nor both, without great prudence amplified,
To know their vses and apply them well;
To his aduise, could make a Paralell.

There





Thankefulnesse.

There is no man, though he before were glad,
But when he thinks that we this *Hero* had,
And now haue lost him, Though he be diuine
Made by his death, yet will his eyes drop brine;
All them that knew him well doe weepe their turne,
All in their hearts, though not in habits mourne,
But for themselves, not him, let them lament,
Whose happinesse is growne their punishment.
Me thinks I see all Arts doe hang their head,
Euen since the mournfull minute he was dead,
For he himselfe was Learnings Lampe, and lent
Fauour to such as were to studie bent,
He to Religious Pastors was a shield,
And vnto them encouragement did yeeld,

C 3

He





The Muses

He would accept the offering of their Quill,
Not with a loathnesse, as against his will,
But with much affability, and then
He was exceeding liberall to those men,
In whom he found true Schollership and wit.
Which fairely testified he valu'd it.
Milde, affable, and easie of accessse
He was, but with a due reservednesse;
So that the passage to his fauour lay,
Not common, yet it gaue a gentle way,
To such as fitly might, or ought to passe:
And such his custome and his manner was.
Commodities he tooke not vpon day,
Nor made them lose their gaines by long delay:

He





Thankfulness.

He entertaind them not with promises ;
Nor lou'd he poore mens sad attendances :
He was a man that lou'd no great commerce
With businesse, fearing that it might disperse
Him, into other mens vncertainties,
Whose giddy headed buzings, he still flies,
And with a quiet calme sincerity,
H' effects his vndertakings really ;
His tongue and heart, did ne're turne backe, but went
One way, and kept one course, with what he ment.
The friendships that he vow'd, most constant were,
He vsd no maske at all, but alwayes ware
His honest inclination open fac'd,
With iudgement were his deepe affections plac'd,





The Muses

He was descended from illustrious blood,
And by his nature he was truly good;
His Enemies (if Enemies he had)
Cannot reprove him of ought that was bad.
Ther's neuer any had a heart lesse sweruing,
Nor was at more command, most truly seruing
Vnder the regiment of his owne care
And colours, of that honestie he bare
Then that of his, who neuer more was knowne
To vse immodest act that might haue showne
The touch, but of a word that was obscene,
Or cogitation any way vncleane.
All which, if that they can to glory raise,
And being knit to one, can merit praise

In





Thankfulnesse.

In after-times, then iustly may I say,
No name is like to liue a longer day.
The many houres vntill the day of doome
Will not his datelesse memory consume.
He leaues a deathlesse memory and Fame,
To be an Honor to the *Spencers* Name
And Family, from whence he had descent,
Which by his Worth he made more eminent;
His corps return'd to earth from whence it came
But from his acts doth rise his worthy fame.
Immortall man, whose name shall neuer dye;
But shall suruiue to all eternitie
How can the memory of such a spirit,
Whose deeds of very Enuy got his merit,
Euer forgotten be? whom to iust praise
The worthy actions of his life did raise.

All





The Muses

All you the Worthies of our present dayes,
Whose iudgement and experience knew his wayes
Conuerſed with his actions and intents,
In priuate and in publike managements;
To your true vnderſtandings it is knowne,
That he might claime all honors for his owne.
But what's on earth Perdurable? If Fame,
Honour, Reuenewe, if Charitie, good Name,
Grace, Fauour, Merit, (for in him was loſt
Nothing of which Mortalitie can boaſt)
If any one of theſe, or All, could haue
Reprieu'd this Worthy, from a time-leſſe Graue:
He that's ſaine thus lowe, ſtill high had ſtood,
Since all perfection did enrich his blood.

Vnto





Thankefulnesse.

Vnto what Key shall I my dull Muse raise,
To Commend Him, that farre exceeds all Praise.
What I but onely strue at, had I done,
I should but light a Taper 'fore the Sunne,
Burning a Lampe at midday, and still owe
The Dead, but speaking that which all men know.
For sith this Worthy, did deserue to be
Plac'd in the highest skye, from thence to see
The deeds of wretched mortals, being blest
And free from miseries which men molest:
I, then to Immortalitie, to rest,
To that High place prepared for the Blest,
Before the First of Dayes, His Glorious Soule
I will bequeath (there amongst Saints to Inrowle)

His





The Muses

His Memory in this Regenerate Birth,
And what from Earth first came againe to Earth.
Now muttering enuy, what canst thou produce ?
(Cast thy pure stone exempt from all abuse)
How canst thou cloud the luster of these parts ?
Say, what defects could weigh downe such deserts ?
Summon detraction to object the worst,
It cannot finde a blemish to be'nforc'd
(Though spitefully it vtter all it can)
Against him other then he was a man,
And build of flesh and bloud, and did liue here
Where all perfections neuer did appeare
To meet with any one so really,
Within the region of infirmitie :
For though his frailtie euer did bewray
Vnto the world that he was set in clay ;
Yet his true Vertues, and his worthinesse
Being seene so farre aboue his weaknesse,
Must euer shine, whilst th'other vnder-ground,
With his fraile part shall neuer more be found.
His Monument, while History doth last,
Shall neuer be forgotten, or defac'd. 16 NO 60

FINIS.



